

Infinity Spartans

by Meister der Zeit

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Summary: Spartan IVs aboard the UNSC Infinity face many hostile situations. Follow them as they fight along side each other in a fight for survival. (Under temporary reconstruction)

1. Chapter 1

I am in the middle of writing a story based on Halo 4 but I still need more characters. For those of you who wish to make a Spartan IV I will post the outline for the characters below. I ask that you do not put your characters in a review but send them to me via PM.

Character Outline

Name: (your character will be referred to by their last name most of the time or by a nickname if they have one. If they have a nick name please put it between their first and last name in "quotation marks")

Rank: (For ordinary Spartans, it can be anywhere from SR-1 to SR-50. If you decide to give your Spartan a specialization, they are considered to be SR60.)

Specialization: (Spartan-standard Spartan training, Operator-vehicle expert, Wetwork-stealth expert, Pioneer-expert in operating in unfamiliar terrain or areas that have not been recon'd, Pathfinder-expert in operations deep behind enemy lines without support, Rogue-expert lone-wolfs, Stalker-expert at tailing targets closely while remaining undetected, Engineer-tech/equipment expert, Tracker-expert at tracking down objectives/targets)

Armor: (please just pick an armor set, colors, and visor color. If your Spartan has specialized, they do NOT need to wear the armor of their specialization.)

Primary Weapon: (for this one, all UNSC weapons are allowed as well as Covenant and Promethean weapons.)

Secondary: (Same rules apply for this one as Primary.)

Appearance: (Describe as best you can the person underneath the helmet. If you don't put anything here then your character will not be taking their armor off.)

Service Record: (why was this character chosen by the UNCS to be a Spartan IV? Go crazy with this part but remember they were regular humans during this.)

Personality: (please no adjectives, actually type out how their personality is)

2. Chapter 2

Halo teams

I have only a few characters sent to me, these are the ones who have made it. The story will focus on Fireteam IMPACT, they are a team (to the best of my knowledge) that I came up with.

Impact-

Symbol: runes

Primary color: gold

Secondary color: blue

Background: circle

Background color: white

Members-

William Phœnix

Carrington "Feral" Dimitrius

Que "Huntsman" Price

Mike "Midnight" Nuxero

Raul Machado

Destiny "Sadie" Stirling

Now for the Fireteam everyone knows and loves.

Crimson-

Jason Henderson

Xavier "Wildcard" Austal

Iceis "Red" Storm

Kaleb "Falkon" Desmond

I know I only posted two teams, but those are the only ones filled right now. I still have about four more fireteams I would like to fill (and not with just my own characters) so please keep sending in characters, even if you already made one.

Last note, for those of you waiting for the story to begin, it will start as soon as I have at least two more

fireteams filled. And once again sorry for only posting the two teams.

3. True Testaments Part One

Authors note- The first version of this had some errors that I failed to see when I was typing this on my phone so I did it over. This chapter is short I just need to post it to get the story rolling. Thank you to those who have submitted characters, and for those of you who haven't but still want to, I encourage you to send them in.

Disclaimer- I do not own Halo. It belongs to Microsoft and 343 Industries.

Dull copper shells flew from the rifle, the bullets forced down the barrel toward the approaching Elite. The bullets bounced off its shields harmlessly. With a sickening click the gun declared its self to be empty. William Phœnix threw the assault rifle to the side and reached for his pistol. It was to late, just as his fingers grazed the grip of the the Magnum the Elite was already sending him off his feet. Landing on the less than soft red dirt, William looked at the Elite. It pulled a grip off its thigh and an energy sword formed from it. The Elite gave a low growl as it approached William. William jumped to a crouch and pulled his knife out from its seath.

The thundering foot steps of the Elite, slightly shook the ground below. When it was only a meter away, William latched himself off the ground toward the lumbering alien. His shoulder dug into the Elites gut throwing it of balance. William almost smiled behind his helmet as he felt the steel of his knife slide past the Elites shielding and cut into its soft neck. Almost. Just as the blade was buried to it's hilt in the Elites soft flesh and internal anatomy, William felt the cold heated burn of plasma cut through his back. The Elite fell first dragging him with it, its hand released the hilt of the sword deactivating it. William rolled off the alien and landed on his back. As darkness enveloped his senses, Will numbly felt the rumble of a ships engines. The last thing he saw was a familiar female Spartan in sage GUNGNIR armor drop to her knees next to him.

Will opened his eyes but instantly closed them. The room he was in was a blinding bright white, a complete contrast to the pitch black darkness he was drifting through. He covered his face with a hand. He looked through the gaps between his fingers at the metal ceiling. 'So I'm back on the Infinity huh?'. His body protested as he tried to sit up. He put both his hand on either side of himself as he lifted himself and moved to lay his back against the cool metal wall. After a few moments of falling in and out of consensus, Will tried to

stand. The muscles and bones in his legs ached, but he forced himself to stand. He stumbled towards the door and hit the control panel for it to the doors stood three doctors and the other five members of his team.

Carrington, being the first to see him, pushed past the smaller doctors and strode towards him.

"Will!" Carrington almost knocked him off balance as she grabbed him in a tight hug around the neck. She pulled back almost as fast. The other four standing with the doctors soon joined them, all of them wearing warm hearted smiles.

"Commander!" Que clapped Will on the shoulder lightly. "We all where worried about you, not many have survived and Energy Sword through the back."

"It will take more than a damn Covie to kill the Commander. Right sir?" Destiny stated more than she asked.

"Spartan Fireteam Impact." A voice chimed from behind Will. Will turned to face the projection of Roland, the ships A.I. "Captian Laskey wants you on the bridge."

"On our way Roland." The A.I. saluted them before disappearing. Will turned back to his team. "What are you all standing around for? The Captian wants us. Move!"

"Captain Laskey sir," William saluted follwed by the rest of the team, "Fireteam Impact reporting."

The captian returned the salute and looked back down at the projection on the table in front of him.

"Roland, pull up the data recovered by Impact." The projection changed to a list of repeating numbers and letters. "This is the translation of the information. It tells of a high ranking Elite that will be transported from one base to another. What it doesn't say is what bases are involved. We need you to go and find out."

"Yes Captian." Will saluted and walked out with the rest of Impact following.

4. True Testaments Part Two

Chapter Two: True Testaments Part Two

Authors note: Sorry for the way to long wait. I could give you the reasons why it was so long but I think you'd much rather read the story so off you go.

Carrington rested the cross hairs of her scope on a red armored elite.

"Target in sight commander. On your mark." William dropped down next to her.

"Distance?"

"Two hundred meters sir."

William looked around the desert. Less than a week ago he was laying on the dirt bleeding out, now his team was going to kill a specific high rank elite general.

"Can you hit him?" Carrington scoffed.

"If I couldn't who could?" William laughed slightly.

"Fire when ready." Carrington shifted slightly, and adjusted her grip on her rifle.

"Yes sir." She took a steady breath and pulled the trigger. The bullet flew from the barrel and towards the red armored elite. The bullet ripped past its shields and buried into its head. Purple blood splattered onto the other elites surrounding it. William stood up and faced his team.

"Mission done."

"Sir," it was Que. "Are we going to leave the rest of them alone?"

"No Price we have secondary orders to eliminate them if the opportunity arose."

"Lets kill them ugly bastards sir." Destiny said grabbing her shotgun. William looked at his team then opened the Comlink.

"Lincoln One this is Commander Phœnix. We are going to be a few minutes late." Lincoln One's voice rang through the Com's.

"Roger Commander. Lincoln One on standby."

William walked through the ship to the mess hall. He entered the large room filled with tables and Spartans. The room was filled with the smell of food and the sound of talking and utensils scraping against plates and bowls. William grabbed his food and sat with his team. He absently listened to Mike tell a joke while waving his hands around. The table sounded with laughter and clapping. William slowly ate his food, with his mind wondering. He barely registered Carrington sitting down next to him. He finally snapped out of his trance when she put her hands on his forearm. He looked at her.

"You alright?" Her eyes searched his.

"I'm fine." They stared at each other for a moment until a voice sounded behind them.

"Trouble in Lovers Ville?" Carrington's hand quickly left Williams arm and her face turned red as she looked down. William turned to glare at Jhonathon. William always associated him with the phrase "pretty boy". He had a scarless face, long blond hair, blue eyes, and a face most girls swooned over.

"Care to repeat that?" William stood up from his seat and looked down at Jhonathon, who was about five inches shorter than him

"I'm just checkin' if your second in command is ready to be with a real man."

"And who would that be? You don't even count as a man." Jhonathon's eyes darkened and he clenched his fists.

"Watch yourself Phœnix, before I kick your ass."

"No you watch yourself Jhonathon," Carrington stood up. "You will be sorry you ever signed up to be a Spartan."

"Oh shut up woman. Stay out of a man's conversion." Williams hand wrapped around Jhonathon's throat.

"Do not talk to her or anyone else like that again." William let go of his neck and stood back as he fell to his knees gasping for air. After a moment of coughing and deep swallows of air Jhonathon stood up and looked at William. He threw a right hook and hit William across his cheek.

"Idiot," Destiny said still sitting at the table. "You shouldn't have done that."

"We're in for a show now." Raul said taking a sip of his drink. Before Jhonathon could do anything, he was staggering back holding his jaw. He looked at William's out stretched fist with his eyes wide. Jhonathon latched himself at William. He slammed into his gut, but didn't knock him down. William wrapped his arms around Jhonathon's middle and flung him into another table.

"Stay down if you know what's good for you." Destiny said. Jhonathon slid off the table covered in food and drinks.

"You son of a... I'm going to enjoy this." He stepped toward William and swung. William moved back and let the hit pass. He stepped close and brought his fist up into Jhonathon's jaw, knocking him off his feet. He hit the floor and stayed there groaning. William stepped over him, and headed for his barracks.

Destiny looked at him, "Did you enjoy that?"

Authors note: I know I owe you guys and gals a longer update for the wait but this is all I have for right now. Also, I still have spots left for Spartans, so PM me if you have one.

5. Chapter 5

I don't know how much more clear I can be. Don't put your Spartan characters in the review send them to me by **PM**, there are **no** Spartan II's or Spartan III's **only** Spartan IV's, and choose only **ONE** armor group. Not a different armor piece for different parts.

-Thank you for your time.

-I will be posting the next chapter soon hopefully.

6. Come Around: Part One

Authors note: This is a might bit of a weird chapter...
Sorry.

William yelled as he threw his helmet across the room. Carrington walked in and picked his helmet. She put it on his bunk and wrapped her arms around his abdomen tightly, and rested her cheek on his chest.

"What happened Will?" He put a hand on her back and sighed.

"They told me just after I got on this ship that I am slightly mentally unstable. Captian Laskey and Commander Palmer choose to keep me aboard instead of shipping me back home."

"Do you want to stay?" He looked down at her. She was only a few inches shorter than him and he liked the fact that she seemed to fit against him just right.

"At first I would have done anything to stay but now, I'm not sure." He stared down at her green eyes and for a moment, everything seemed to stop. He was caught off guard when she brushed her lips against his. She pulled back before he could react and walked out of the room, leaving William alone and confused.

William stepped out of the shower stall with a towel wrapped around his lower body, and walked to his shower locker. He opened it and a picture fell to the floor. He picked it up and leaned against the cool metal. It was a picture of himself before the Spartan IV program. He was on Reach standing next to his older brother Matt, their little sister Sophia was in front of them both, and their father Michael was standing behind them all like a tower. William remembered when this photo was taken. Three months before the Fall of Reach. It seemed so long ago, a different time, different world, a different life. Williams eyes stung with tears and his throat felt tight as he stared at the photo.

"Will?" He snapped up and looked at Carrington. She was out of her under armor top and had a towel around her neck that covered most of her upper chest.

"Sorry I was day dreaming." Carrington opened her own locker.

"I can see that. You have been doing that a lot lately. Why?"

"I'm just having flash backs about my life before I joined the UNSC."

"Was it good?" She sat on the bench that ran through the rows of lockers.

"It was an easier time for me. I had my brother and father still. I didn't have to worry about the Convent. I didn't have to worry about if I was going to die that day. I didn't have to worry about a lot of things." He let out a heavy sigh. He ran his hand over the back of his neck. "It was a better time."

"Do you regret joining?"

"Joining what? The marines? The ODST's? The Spartans? I don't regret

any of it. I just wish it turned out differently." They stayed silent for a while. William's hand went to the Phoenix tattoo on his shoulder. Carrington finally spoke.

"What happened to your family?" William looked at her for a moment, then took a deep breath.

"My father was killed at The Fall of Reach. My brother was mortally wounded by a brute spiker and my little sister lives on Earth."

"What were they like?"

"My father was a tower of strength. Everyone relied on him. And he never said a word about it. My brother was much like him, just a little shorter. My sister is like our mother. She puts everyone ahead of herself without thinking of the effect on herself." The door to the locker room opened and Price walked in.

"Commander." He nodded in Will's direction, and opened his locker. William looked at Carrington, who got up and headed toward the shower stalls. When she was out of view, William grabbed his clothes and got dressed.

A/N: Review and suggest ideas. And get them characters in. I got two teams of six [twelve (12) spots] left.

7. Chapter 7

I'm truly sorry for the overly long absence I have put you through. I have fixed most of the original problem, I have hit another snag in the road. Writers Block. So if anyone is still following this story, I would be grateful if you PM me ideas of where to go with the story. I hope and look forward to reading all of your ideas.

-Meister der Zeit

8. Chapter 8

Impact left the Wargames defeated, most of their number feeling like someone had hit them with a warhammer. Which Alpha pretty much had.

"Damn," Mike had said as they left the holodeck.

"I knew Alpha was tough," Price groaned as he stretched his neck. "Just not that tough."

"OK, Impact, let's give you something a little... easier, huh?" Roland said, "How about 12 on 12? Fireteams Domino, Wolf and Tower will be with you in-" his hologram put a hand to its 'ear'. "Actually, belay that. Palmer wants you in the War Room for a briefing. Won't say what for."

"Understood. Report to the War room for an unknown reason. Same Palmer as always," Will answered, "We'll be right there."

The six headed aft along S-Deck, to the war room, finding Commander

Palmer and a group of handlers present.

"Good to see you, Impact," Palmer said.

"Ma'am." Was their collective reply.

"Take a seat." she ordered, gesturing to the six empty seat on their side of the table.

The Spartans complied. The table's holographic projector hummed to life, displaying another fireteam. Their symbol flashed above each head, an anvil being struck by a lightning bolt on a square background.

"This is Fireteam Lightning. Five minutes ago we received this transmission." she tapped a button on the table. A voice, female, with a New Harmonian accent, came through the speakers:

"Lightning Two to Infinity, mayday, mayday. We are at five men and under heavy fire. Covenant forces sieging our current position. Can not, repeat, not, holds our curre- Mac, Banshee! Left side!"

"Oh, I see 'im. Come 'ere, mate!" Another voice responded.

"Send help immediately." The first voice finished.

William was troubled. It would take two or three platoons of conventional infantry to pin down a SPARTAN-IV unit, especially if they'd already succeeded in killing one of them.

"What needs done, ma'am?" he asked.

"We need you to get planet-side, help Lightning clear that Covenant group and secure an LZ. You'll be deploying by way of SOEIVs, and you're to arm up and head straight for the launch bays. We need a small team, no more than three or four, to minimalise further casualties. It's your call on who drops, Phœnix."

William considered his options. Banshees were mentioned, so heavy weapons and range were both essential.

"Carrington, Raul, and Mike, get prepped. Des, Que, I want you on standby in case we need reinforcements. Let's move."

Carrington's pod slammed into the hard, artificial earth of Requiem, kicking up debris like a geyser. She let her heart beat once, twice, before hitting the release.

"Still with us, Dimitrius?" Raul queried over TEAMCOM.

"Yeah, I'm here. Sit-Rep?"

"You might want to see for yourself."

The pod door's hydraulics hissed, and the door opened to reveal the rear of a Covenant army advancing on four crimson-armored Spartans.

"Aw Hell."

****Wind Ace typed this chapter and I rather liked it so I thought Id use it, with a few minor changes. Thanks Wing Ace****

9. Statment

****I was looking through the Chapters of Infinity Spartans and I noticed somethings where not posted while other things where. I blame the lack of sleep I seem to be suffering from. But I will work on fixing it to the best of my abilities. So most, if not all, of the chapters will be redone or changed in some way so I'll let y'all know when I have finished. ****

****Until then readers.****

End
file.